



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

**PULL THE
DRAGON'S TOOTH!**



Welcome to Far North

World of the Miceking

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonor

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of the
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially when t

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky but fa
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the m

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of equ
herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The drek

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking helmet.

mouse performs an act of courage or wins a M

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mouseking t
quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who live in I

Meet the Stiltonord Family

GERONIMO

Advisor
the

ng chief

THEA

A

horse trainer who

works

well with all

kinds

of

animals

TRAP

The
farmhouse

inventor

Mousebong
BENJAMIN

Gerónimo's

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's

Best
friend

. . . and the Evil Dragons

GOBBLER THE

PUTRID

The dragons

is

Devourer!

The dragons are

divided into 5

clans, all of which

are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —
no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over
volcanoes so the steam and smoke make them

SIZZLE

Then

3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

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e-ISBN 978-1-338-03559-9

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Toglilo tu, il dente al dragante!*

Cover by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Flavio Ferrarini (color)

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Alessandro Sestini (color)

Graphics by Chiara Cebraro

Special thanks to Tracey West

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing 2016

What's Secret

It was a calm summer evening in Mouseborg, the capital village of Miceking Island. The sun was setting over the mountains, and a fresh breeze blew across my fur. I whistled as I walked. Sorry, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Geronimo Stiltonord, a mouseking!

As I walked, two young rodents ran past me: my nephew Benjamin and

friend, Bugsilda.

“It’s so **exciting!**” said Benja

“Yes, it’s really **exciting!**” ag

Bugsilda.

What's the Big Secret?

“What's so **exciting?**” I called out as
they raced past.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Benjamin,
ran away, giggling.

HOW STRANGE!

Next I passed the hut of Copper Iron,
the village blacksmith.

Hee,
~~hee~~!

doesn't

know

a

thing!

Where

are

you

going?

What's the Big Secret?

“It's so **exciting!**” Copper v
to another mouseking.

His customer glanced at me. “Shl
coming.”

I marched up to them. “What's so

“Oh, nothing,” the mouse said

“You must have heard wrong.”

HOW

VERY

STRANGE!

Oh, nothing.

Hee,

hee!

What's
exciting?

What's the Big Secret?

I was almost at my hut when I saw a group of micekings talking very quietly. My cousin Trap, the village investigator, was among them.

“Careful, it’s him!” I heard Trap whisper as I got near.

The micekings scattered, chuckling.

**HOW
VERY,**

VERY, STRANGE!

But . . .

Hee,

hee,

hee

What's the Big Secret?

"Trap, what is **happening?**"
asked. "Why is it that every time
up somewhere, everyone stops talking
giggles?"

"I don't know what you mean, Co
Trap said. "There's nothing going
hee!"

I was starting to become annoyed
anyway! are about your little **SE**

Then I stomped into my hut and
for what I hoped would be a **rel**

night. I prepared a delicious pot
cheese soup and was about
dig in when someone knocked on

A Surprise for Me

My sister, **Thea**, was outside the

“Geronimo, open up!” she called

“Have you come to laugh at me,

yelled through the door. “I am

these secrets!”

“Don’t be a codfish,” Thea said. “

the door!”

“No, no, no!”

I said stubbornly.

I am

fed
up!

A Surprise for Me

I heard Thea sigh. “Oh, all right. I’ll have to tell Sven that you RE come out of your hut. I warned y I jumped up. “Sven the Shouter v me? Our village leader? Why did say that before?”

I hurried to open the door. Thea and grabbed a hunk of bread fr

“Sven ordered us not to tell you anything so we wouldn’t ruin the she explained.

My whiskers trembled with excit

surprise?

For me! What is it? A new

goatskin blanket? A precious sc

big chunk of Stenchberg cheese?

watered at the thought of it.

I was so

curious

I was practically jumping

out of my fur!

Then we heard noises outside. “

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A Surprise for Me

be the others,” Thea said.

“Others? What others?” I asked.

not expecting anyone.”

But Thea ignored me and opened

A **sea** of micekings invaded! They
made themselves **COMFORT**

right away. They

sat on my chairs. They

bounced on my bed. They **ate** all
Make way!

Make
Room

for!
I'm

coming!

Squeak!

What's

happening?

A Surprise for Me
my bread and **drank** my cheeses
My humble home now held even
in Mouseborg!

“Great groaning glaciers!” I yelled
is everyone doing here?”

Right at that moment, Sven the S
stepped in. He **pounded** me on
back with his paw.

Watch out!
re it!
re here!

A Surprise for Me

“I have gathered all the micekin
your hut, you **smarty-mouse**
thundered.

I nodded nervously.

“I need to make an **IMPORTANT**
announcement!” Sven said. “Max
Musclepaw,
the great-great-great-grandson of
legendary Moki Musclepaw, has
arrived in Mouseborg!”

I’ve got
quite
a
surprise
for

you!
Ouch!

A Surprise for Me

The micekings let out a **cheer.**

“Hooray

for Max Musclepaw!”

Hooray for the mouseking hero who
earned 1,753 MICEKING HELM.

Shivering squids! That’s a lot of mouse
helmets, the highest honor of the

“Is the **surprise** that Max is here?”

I asked. “What does that have to do
with me?”

Sven gave me a **piercing** stare.

“It has **everything** to do with
shrimpsnout! I asked

Max Musclepaw

to

come back to make YOU into a true
mouseking!”

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Is This the Little Shrimp Supposed to Train?

Sven LOOKED me up and down
the tips of my whiskers to the end of my tail.
Then he frowned.

“A true macho mouseking needs
he barked. “You are as
squishy
as
a jellyfish!”

A glacial **chill** ran down my spine.

Sven continued. “So I have decided
you need a special trainer!”

“So
Sven
the
shouter!”

the micekings cheered.

“Well said, oh fearless leader!” m

Is This the Little Shrimp?

Trap chimed in.

I

scowled
at Trap,

but he kept talking.

“Either you have

muscles or you don’t,

and I have plenty,” Trap

said, flexing his meaty (but

not very muscly) arm. “But

you, Cousin, are as soft as
Have

you

these

muscles?
a ball of mozzarella!”
“Wise words!” Sven the Shouter
agreed. “Trap, I order you to also
in the special training so you can
Geronimo how a macho mousekin
Trap tried to protest. “Um, well
wouldn’t be **fair** to the other m
would it?” he asked.
“Yes, why can’t we train, too?” th
micekins asked.

Is This the Little Shrimp?

Taking advantage of the CON
I tried to quickly slip out of there
whisker away from the exit, where
door **swung open** and hit me
in the snout!

Helmets and herring, that hurt!

“Geronimo, where are you going

Are

leaving?

Is This the Little Shrimp?

I looked up to see Thora, Svein's charming daughter!

“Well I . . . I j-just remembered I had something **important** to do!

Then the door swung open (again!).

“Geronimo, let me introduce you

Max

Musclepaw, the great muckeking hero!” Thora said.

This is Max!

Hey there!

He's enormous!

Is This the Little Shrimp?

So there I stood, gazing up at the

and most muscled mouseking I

had ever seen! He was as big as a

~~stouder~~ ~~no, no,~~ a

as a whole mountain!

He looked me up and down.

“IS

THIS

THE

LITTLE

SHRIMP

I'M
SUPPOSED
TO
TRAIN?"

he asked. "His tiny bones won't b
will they?"

"Ha! A bit of hard work never
anyone," boomed Sven. "And, to
everyone happy, I have decided t
Smasher, and
Sprainer
will participate in the
training, too."

At those words, three strong mic
made their way through the crow
One by one they approached me,

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I'll
crush
you!

“I’m going to

Crush

you!”

“I’m going to **Smash**

you!”

“I’m going to

SPRAIN

I’ll smash

you!

I’ll sprain
you!

WHY,

WHY,

WHY

DOES

EVERYTHING

HAPPEN

TO

ME?

You're Hopel You Smarty- Mouseking!

“Get out of bed, shrimp!” Max
Musclepaw yelled early the next
he dumped a bucket of freezing
on me.

“B-but, it’s still dark outside!” I s

But this muscled hero didn't want
it. "A
true macho mouseking
gets

up every day at dawn and starts
RUN!" he bellowed.

I reluctantly got out of bed, yawned
like a bear just waking from hibernation.

"Can't we at least have breakfast?"

Max gave me a **strange** smile.

You're Hopeless!

the food that you want in your bag
bring it with us to Three Lookouts Club

SQUEAK! I was already hungry

wanted to protest, but then I decided

was better to do what he said. (He

mentioned that Max is

very tall
and

very muscled?)

So I took the bag and stuffed it
with:

22 eggs,



16
slices of
toast,
20
jars of fjordberry jam,
25
logs of goat cheese, and
7
chunks of precious
Stenchberg.

When I finished,
the bag was

so
heavy!

You're Hopeless!

“Lift that bag and run!” Max shouted.

“I WILL

GET

YOU

IN

SHAPE,

YOU

SMARTY-MOUSEKING!”

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer were
outside. The three of them had a

their training, which consisted of
100 **PUSH-UPS**,
100 **sit-ups**, and
100 **PULL-UPS** using their wh
Guess what? **Trap** was nowhere
“Why don’t you all start the trip
me?” I suggested. “I should **Wa**
my cousin.”

“No need!” said Max. “Your cousin
excited about the trip that he
“Really?” I asked in disbelief.

“Yes, and you should follow his e
you **little shrimp!**” Max bell
20

You're Hopeless!

straighten you out, you smarty-m

Run, run, run!"

Then he began to chant:

"Our whiskers
always
make
us

proud!

We'll

say

it

now!

We'll

say

it
loud!
And if
the
dragons
we
should
meet,
We'll
crush
~~the~~ them
a
fierce
defeat!
We work,

we
stink,
we
sweat,
we
spit!

But
we
will
never,
ever
quit!

Our enemies
will

feel
our
sting!

We
are
the
true
and
mighty
micekings!”

We ran through the village and b

CLIMB up, up, up, all the wa
Geokou's Cliff.
Smasher,

and

Sprainer

ran behind me, shouting

all the way.

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You're Hopeless!

“Run or I’ll

Crush
you!”

“Run or I’ll Smash you!”

“Run or I’ll

Sprain
your tail!”

The hill we were climbing was so steep
the weight of my bag caused me to
fall

backward, like a turtle in his shell.

Run, you

shrimp!

Faster!

You're Hopeless!

How do I get into these terrible
situations?

Move it!

Heeeelp!

Three Little Cliffs

We finally reached the top of Three Little Cliffs.

Max Musclepaw was there already. “You can’t call that running?” he scoffed.

But I was tired — finished — exhausted!

I was also starving, so I opened my backpack.

“What are you doing, you little mouse?” Max yelled at me.

“I—I was just preparing BREAKFAST for
oh brave one,” I replied hopefully.
He snickered. “I said you could have
breakfast. I didn’t say you could

I was puzzled, until

Max said, “The breakfast
is for the lookouts!”

“B-but . . . but . . .” I
stammered.

“Move it, shrimp!”
Max yelled.

He pushed me toward
the watchtower, where
three lookouts were
scanning the horizon.

The lookouts stay in
the tower DAY and

nightwatch

the sky for dragons, who

The Three

Lookouts

These three micekings
never leave the
watchtower. They sound
a large horn as a warning
when dragons or other
enemies are in sight.

Three Lookouts Cliff

are always starved for micekinging 1

I handed the lookouts my backpack
of food.

“Young micekings just aren’t the
these days,” grumbled the first.

“Since when did micekings become
jellyfish?” grumbled the second.

“This one looks as soft as a cheese
grumbled the third.

I sighed. Would I ever fit in?

Suddenly, Trap ran up to me. He
sweaty and

sticky

But seemed to be

full of energy.

“Good morning, Cousin,” he said

cheerfully. “A nice little run is a

to start the day!”

It was strange that Trap wasn’t ex

like I was. Even stranger, I thoug

honey on him.

Three Lookouts Cliff

Are you
tired
already?
Puff .

•
•
pant

•
•
•
“It’s time to start our first exercise”
called out. “You need to **crush**
rocks!”

I looked at the rocks. They were

boulders!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer s
pounding the boulders,
crumbling
them

with their bare paws.

Three Lookouts Cliff

“Snap to it, smarty-mouseking
yelled at me.

I tried to pick up the **mallet**
it weighed as much as I did!

¹When I finally managed to lift it,
I charged at the boulder, yelling,
gooooo!”

²But I missed it and face-planted in
the rock!

Kabaaaaaaaam!

Here I
go!

1

Oops!

Three Lookouts Cliff

³The mallet slipped out of my paw, flew through the air, and landed behind a **goat** that was munching some grass nearby.

⁴The goat, **furious**, charged at me with its head down! Squeak

3

⁴Squeeeeeeak!

The Great Cliff Dive

I closed my **EYES** and prepared for the
worst as the goat
charged
toward me.

At the last second, Max Muscled paused
the goat by its horns and stopped on his
tracks.

“YOU’D
BE
TOAST

IF
IT
WEREN'T
FOR
ME,
YOU
LITTLE
SHRIMP!”

he said.

He let go of the goat's horns. The
trotted away, angrily huffing and

puffing.

The three lookouts had watched
scene from the watchtower.

“In our day . . .” began the

first

one.

“We respected goats!” said the second.

30

The Great Cliff Dive

“We certainly didn’t throw mallees at them!” finished the third one.

Shivering
squids,
I
can’t
win!

Then Max gathered us together for the next
exercise . . . the great cliff dive.
I looked over the edge and got w

a dizzying drop down to the water

“I’m afraid of heights!” I whimper

“And I’m a terrible swimmer!”

At that moment, I felt a

sticky
paw on

my shoulder. It was Trap.

“Come on, Cousin!” he said. “Follow

lead. I’m not

afraid
of anything!”

Max Musclepaw stomped up to us

“I smell honey.” He GRABBED Trap’s

belt. “It’s you! You rubbed honey

your fur to make yourself look S
You didn't really run, did you?"

31

The Great Cliff Dive

“Um . . . well . . . I took a short

Trap admitted.

“Is that so?” Max growled. “Then
jump first! And don’t try to
trick

me again!”

Max pushed Trap off the cliff! Then
Smasher, and Sprainer each jumped.
You first!

off. They all splashed into the
freezing waters of the
fjord.

I LOOKED down,
turning as **pale**

The Great Cliff Dive

as mozzarella, then as purple as a
berry, then as green as the mol
Stenchberg cheese. Galloping goat
never make it!

Max tried to encourage me. “Wat
he yelled.

As he dove off the cliff, he yelled
move on, you little shriiiiiii

The THREE LOOKOUTS app
me.

“To get over a fear of heights, yo
to hold your

breath
,” said the

first.

“No, he needs to eat
some snails,” said
the second.

“No way! He just needs
to stick
pinecones
in

his ears,” said the third.
I’m
scared!
33

The Great Cliff Dive

Then the first lookout sounded the
right in my ear.

Tooooooot!

Tooooooooooooooot!

I was so startled I jumped right o

I fell down,
down,
down' . . .

Heeeelp!

That's

how

it's

done!

Seaside Heartbeats

I made a mousetastic dive (well, a

belly flop) and splashed into

the waters of the fjord.

I can't swim, so Max

fished me

out of the water with a long oar.

up onto the deck of a drekar — a
ship.

“Stop splashing around, shrimp!”
yelled. “Our captain is waiting!”

Captain? My whiskers twitched
it wasn't . . .
“

! Hurry up and get on board.
We need to leave while the wind
favor,” barked
Olaf the Fearless.

Hurry
up!
We're
leaving!

Nooooooooooooo!

Olaf was captain of the *Bated Bre*
creakiest ship on all of Miceking

My tummy started to do
flip-flops
as

waves rocked the ship. Then I saw
clouds
forming overhead.

Squeak!
storm
was

coming!

“Don’t worry, Geronimo. A
true macho
mouseking

goes out to sea no matter what
the weather!” Olaf said.

I sighed and sat down on the row
37

Seasick and Heartbroken!

Then I heard a voice from the shore

“You can

do

it!

Give

it

your

all!”

Squeak! It was Thora! She was running

along the shore waving a

mickeking

flag

at us! Was she really cheering us on?

My whiskers trembled with excitement. I
stood up. “Oh, lovely Thora! I will do it with
my all, just for you!”

Thora continued. “You can do it, Max!
ONE! Only you can turn that sneaky
mouseking into a real hero!”

Shivering squids,
Thora was
only there to cheer for Max Musclemouse.
How heartbreaking!

Max had me row the ship, but it was a
real disaster. I am not a sea-mouse, so the drekar just kept **spinning**
and around!

Seasick and Heartbroken!

Max Musclepaw shook his head.

“Forget the rowing!” he boomed. “Climb up the mast and **set the sails!**”

Give
your
all!
yummy . . .

Uh-oh!
got
I obeyed, but my paws
tangled
in the ropes. They
twisted around
me like strands
of string cheese!
At this rate, I
would **never**
earn a miceking
helmet!

Thea Stiltonord, Goat Whisperer!

The ship sailed back to the port of Mouseborg. My sister, Thea, was waiting for us on the dock. Max explained that he had made an agreement with her for a special exercise.

“You’ll all be riding wild horses!”
Thea explained, and my fur froze.

Wild horses?!

“Geronimo, there are only four w
to work with, so I’ve got a very S
ride planned for you,” she told
walked.

“S-s-special?” I stammered
suspiciously.

THEA

the horse trainer

Thea is my sister
and a very skilled
mouseking. She trains
horses, and she has a
special skill she calls
“whispering.” When
Thea “whispers” to
any animal, big or
small, it listens to her.
She knows the secret
to communicating
with all kinds of
creatures!

Thea calmed me down.

“Oh, don’t worry. It’s just a friendly goat!”

But as soon as I saw it, my knees became as wobbly as cottage cheese.

Great groaning glaciers!

It was the very same goat that had attacked me on Three Lookouts Cliff! I started to **run**, but Max grabbed me.

“Where do you think
you’re going, shrimp?” Max
bellowed. “Behave like a
true mouseking!”

He threw me into the pen
with the **goat**, but that

Oh no,
you
again!

beast would not let me come near

Thea came into the pen and **wh**
some words to the goat to calm it

“Okay, Geronimo, climb on,” she

And then she left me. Squeak!

1

The “friendly” goat began to

kick

huff.

2

Then it stopped short and **threw**
me off its back!

3

I **spun** through the air . . . and

landed in the boar pen!

43

Thea Stiltonord, Goat Whisperer
That's when Sven the Shouter stood
“Max, bring Geronimo to Gullet
Valley”

for his final test!”

Crusty codfish! Everyone knows that
Gullet Valley is very close to Bear
land of the fearsome
dragons!

He
doesn't
like
me!

1
2

“Leave at once!” Sven yelled.

All the micekings shouted:

“~~So~~
~~sven~~
the
shouter!”

3

Um . . . hi!

WILD BEASTS IN THE WOODS

Max Musclepaw proudly announces
for our final test.

“TO
COMBAT
YOUR
FEARS,
YOU
MUST
FACE

THEM!”

he boomed. “And what are mice
the bravest of us, afraid of? Drag

I got

chills
from the tips of my

whiskers to the tip of my tail. I am
brave mouseking at all!

“We will go look for the dragons
continued. “We will FACE them!

will

defeat
them!”

“Face them? Face the dra . . . the dr

the dra . . .”

I didn't finish my
sentence because
I fainted from
fright!

When I opened my
eyes, I saw a mouseking
hovering over me.

“Wake up, you
smarty-mouseking!” yelled Olaf the

“Where am I?” I asked groggily.

“You're on the Bated Breath, of c

he replied.

Squeak! I was headed for Gullet V whether I liked it or not!

The ship sailed to the edge of a t forest.

“These are the Elderberry Ho Woods,” Max told us. “They le

Valley. Move it along!”

We disembarked and marched through
the

dark trees.

I swore I heard

noises

coming from behind the tree trunk

What
was
that?

It's
nothing!

“Trap, we’re not **alone** in these woods!” I whispered.

“Don’t be a ’fraidy mouse, Cous

Trap said.

This way!

Wild Beasts in the Woods

I kept my ears open as we walked
more strange sounds . . . brush
grumbling
complaining
...

Then I passed a tree trunk, and saw
claw marks
in it!

“Are there
w-w-wild beasts
in these

woods?” I asked Max.

“Nope,” replied Max. “Just some
bears.”

“**BROWN BEARS!** But they
beasts!” I cried.

“All they care about is **honey**,
explained. “Just don’t touch the
beehives
and you’ll be fine.”

I looked up. Dozens of beehives
dangled from the tree branches
overhead.

“With all these beehives, there must be a
lot of bears,” I said nervously.

I was thinking of all those
bears with their **sharp**
claws
when I accidentally

tripped over a big log in the path.
Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer
lifted the **log** and threw it like
it was a little branch. When it hit
the ground, however, **the whole**
forest floor shook!

Out
the
way!
Ouch!

plap!
plap!
plap!
Three knives fell, breaking
open as they hit the ground.

GOLDEN HONEY spilled out
of each one.

RoooooaaaAr!!!

A chorus of threatening roars
rose from the bushes.

I ran away with my paws in the
air and my whiskers trembling
in fright.

“I didn’t want to come

here!” I squeaked.

A Dragon's T

I ran and ran as

FAST

as I could. It felt like

my feet weren't even touching the

Had my

paws spread wings?

"Stop right there, smarty-mouse!"
a voice bellowed.

It was Max Musclepaw. That's when

realized that I wasn't flying. The

lifted me up by my cloak. I was so

afraid

of the bears that I hadn't noticed

“From now on, you will walk **be**
me, Geronimo,” he said.

I nodded.

“And you will be **very quiet**
know what’s good for you,” Max

“Do you know what’s

good
for you?”

This is
Gullet
Valley!

A Dragon's Tooth

“Yes,” I squeaked.

He put me down and waved his a
the scene in front of us. “We have
~~Guiliet Valley~~ the dragons’ hunting
ground. They **prowl** the valley
miceking meat.”

I gulped. Squeak! I didn’t want
here. I approached Max.

“What exactly is our final test?” I
him.

“It’s no big deal,” he replied. “Yo

have to pull out a dragon's tooth

“A d-d-dragon's tooth?” I stammered.

Shivering

squids,

what

an

impossible

task!

Suddenly, Max crouched down on the
micekins! I hear a noise up ahead.

Trap snickered. “That's just the

chattering of my scaredy-cousin

55

A Dragon's Tooth

“Not this time,” Max said. He p

“LOOK THERE!”

We all peeked out from behind th

to see **two dragons** splashi

around in a pool of

filthy
water!

“Let’s get **closer**,” Max whisper

“Is that a good idea?” I asked. “V

it be smarter to get **far away**

But Max moved forward, followe

the others. Not wanting to be left

followed.

What barbaric beasts!

“Thissss hot
ssssssing sssmellssss
of rotten

eggssss, Magmar,” the green dragon
saying.

“Yesss, it’sss ssssuperb!” agreed M
the orange dragon. “But we shou
sssspeed
thingssss up, Rocky.”

Magmar looked around. “If
Gobbler

A Dragon's Tooth

the Putrid

knew we were relaxing in this

ssstinky

pool instead of hunting for fres

miceking meat, there would be tr

Rocky snickered. "We

dessserve a little ressst!"

This is

the life!

We shouldn't

be

here!

ROCKY

Rocky is a type of dragon known as a Rinser. He washes his miceking meat well before eating it.

MAGMAR

Magmar is a young Slurper. He uses his long tongue to slurp up raw micekings — no ketchup necessary.

“If we’re caught,

Gobbler
ssssice

usss with hisss

clawsss!” Magmar
reminded him.

“Ssstay
calm,” Rocky
said. “Gobbler
will never know.

Now **relax**. We’ll
go back on patrol
later.”

Magmar rolled
over in the pool, but
he wasn’t convinced.

Trap and I were
shivering in
fright. The other
micekins didn't

A Dragon's Tooth
seem afraid at all.

“What’s the plan?” asked Crusher
and Sprainer.

“Should we

Crush
them?

“Should we **Smash** them?”

“Should we

Sprain
their long tails?”

“Here’s the plan,” Max whispered
go to the dragons and get their a

The rest of you can **sneak up**
them.”

“How will we get to their teeth if
behind them?” I asked.

But Max ignored me and headed
dragons. Crusher, Smasher, and S
pushed me forward.

“Let’s go, shrimp!” they said.

As we crept up behind the dragon

jumped out from behind a bu
of them.

A Dragon's Tooth

“Hey you two! You with the

ugly

snouts!
I'm talking to you!” he
taunted.

The two dragons sat up and
sniffed the air.

“Look at that mousseking over t

Rocky said, spotting Max.

“How! A nice big one!”
said

Magmar, licking his lips.

Max kept taunting them. “You bi

Bubba says heads!
lizards!

I will peel off your

scales

one by

one!”

From our hiding place we saw
climb out of the pool. Crusty cod

truly a BIG . . . no,

giant

ENORMOUSE

no,

dragon!

How were we supposed to get on

A Dragon's Tooth
his teeth without being
chomped
and

swallowed?

I had no clue how to do it!

Once again I began to **shake**

I was shaking so hard that I **bu**
into a pile of rocks behind me. The

tumbled
to the ground, making a

noise.

Magmar turned his head. "Look,
micekingsss! This really isss our l

The dragon moved toward us. "V

shall I ssslurp up firsst?”

~~We were fried,~~
finished,
done for!

Squeak! What could we do?

Suddenly, a huge **mud ball** hit
square in the face.

“RUN!

NOW!”

yelled Max Musclepaw.

They see us!
Lookie here . . .

Take that!

A Dragon's Tooth

The brave mouseking pummeled
and Rocky with mud balls. Tra
away from the dragons.
“Let’s get out of here, Geroni
Quiiiiiiiiick!”

Mouse Trou

We ran as fast as we could. Crus
Smasher, and Spratter gun
charged ahead of us toward the w
and I followed them as they shout
us.

“This way!”

“Behind me!”

“Down this path!”

I had no idea where we were goi

We kept ZIG ZAGGING

through the trees. It felt like w

in circles.

“Where are we **running** to?
out.

65

Mouseking in Trouble!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer looked at each other, confused, then each replied, “This is the way!”

“Trust us!”

“We know where we’re going!”
So we kept following them until we came
up on the banks of a wild river.

“I don’t remember this **river**,”
admitted.

Mouseking in Trouble!

“This doesn’t look familiar,” agreed Smasher.

“We’re lost!” Sprainer yelled.

I sighed. I knew we were somewhere between the Elderberry Honeysuckle and Gullet Valley. There were two mountains behind us, and a river in front of us. We were doomed!

“Good-bye, miceking world!” I said dramatically. “Farewell, beautiful Thora!”

“Stop being such a blubberhead!”

Great groaning glaciers!
the voice of Max Musclepaw. I lo
to see him standing on the other
river.

“Jump in the water and **Swim**
herrings, all of you!” Max ordere
dragons are coming!”
67

Mouseking in Trouble!

But the river was too big, and the

I have a

solution!

CURRENT

was too strong. If

we tried to swim, we would

be **swept away**

by the roaring water.

“I have a solution!”

Trap exclaimed. “I am

the village inventor,

aren’t I?”

He quickly went to

work, grabbing strong **vines**

and tying them together end to end. When he finished, he had two very long **strong** vines.

I wasn't sure what Trap had in mind, so he turned to Crusher.

“Toss one end of each over to Ma,” he instructed.

The three **beefy** micekings tossed

Mouseking in Trouble!

ends of the two vines over to our

Trap yelled instructions over to M

Max tied the ends of the vines s

to a tree. Trap tied the other two

a **tree** on our side. The long vin

stretched across the river.

I finally got it. Trap was making

bridge!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer r

their way over the **skinny** br

graceful tightrope walkers.

The

bridge

shook

so

much!

I, on the other paw, was **terrifi**
afraid of heights, and I am not gr
not an athletic mouseking — I an

“Calm down, Cousin.

make it,” Trap said. “This bridge
69

Oh
no!

Miceking Tested
and Approved.”

“Not by this
mouseking!” I said.

I **hugged** the tree.

“I’m not going
anywhere.

I'm staying here!"

"Fine!" Trap replied. "I'll cross first. But follow me, if you don't want to become dragon food."

He took a few steps onto the swaying, skinny bridge. The bridge shook so much!

Trap started to wobble. Then he slipped!

He slipped!
Oops!

Mouseking in Trouble!

Splaaash! My cousin fell into the freezin' water of the river! His snout dipped under and the **current** started to sweep him away! Max and the three beefy mice just stared at Trap, not sure what I had to do something.

But what?

Suddenly, my determination kicked in.

QUICKLY scrambled across the river, no longer afraid that I would fall in.

Then I grabbed a vine **hanging** from a tree and threw it to my cousin.

“Grab it, Trap!” I yelled.

He grabbed the vine, and Crusher,
and Sprainer helped me pull
ashore.

Got it!
Good
job!
Heave ho!

Mouseking in Trouble!

“Heeeeeeave ho! Heeeeeeave ho!”

“Heeeeeeave ho! Heeeeeeave ho!”

“Heeeeeeave ho! Heeeeeeave ho!”

With one last tug, Trap fell at our feet.

“Thanks, Cousin. You saved me!”
Max exclaimed **happily**.

Max pounded me on the back. “Well done!”

“You’re not so shrimpy! You have made me proud!”

“Well done!”
“Thanks!”

Mouseking in Trouble!

I couldn't believe my ears. The hero had given me a **compliment** he would tell Sven the Shouter. *At* just maybe, I would finally earn a helmet!

I imagined myself wearing the helmet. Thora, beautiful Thora, would **smile** at me.

"Thora," I would say. "Will you -" "Dragons!" Trap yelled, **jolting** from my daydream. Rocky and Magmar had fought

No Mousekin Left Behind!

The two dragons lunged toward Musclepaw. Rocky grabbed his paws, and Magmar grabbed his feet, and pulled on Max like he was taffy.

Magmar's stomach rumbled. He saw Max and blew his stinky breath in the

mouseking's face.

“We caught you, you moussekin troublemaker!” Magmar hissed. “be sssuch a tasssty sssnack!”

He opened his jaws, ready to gob Max.

“Ssstop!” roared Rocky. “That’sss how you do it!”

No Mouseking Left Behind!

“What do you mean?” Magmar asked.

“You’re sssupposed to rinssse the mousseking before eating him!”
Rocky insisted.

Magmar shook his large head. “That’s not right! You’ll wash off the flavor! You have to eat him now!”

“You don’t know what you’re sssaying,”

Rocky argued. “I worked in the dining hall for years. I know how to ssserve food properly. I ssserved the ssschool with my sssister’s cook.

You mussst rinssse before eating.

Magmar tried to distract him. “What about those other micekings? Did they catch them? We hadn’t. We were **hiding** behind some trees, trying to decide what to do.” Rocky looked around. “They won’t find us. “Sssso let’ssss eat thissss one **now**, and then look for the otherssss,” Mags suggested.

“Fine!” growled

Rocky, shooting **FIRE**

from his nostrils. Then the
two dragons flew off, carrying
Max
with them.

“Go back to the drekar
without me!”
Max yelled bravely.

What a hero! He was truly a
fearless mouseking.

They
him!

April
Dec 11
back!

No Mouseking Left Behind!

Believe me, I wanted to RUN. But I couldn't leave Max in the

clutches

of those terrible dragons. I glanced at my companions.

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer all

~~here, courageous,~~
and courageous,

but without the guidance of Max

they didn't know what to do. And

Max was good with inventions, but he's not

brave.

It was up to me, the **shrimpy** s

mouseking, to save the day.

“We will leave no mouseking behind,”

I cried.

The other micekings nodded.

“I need your help,” I said. “Together
we can do this.”

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer’s

lit

up.

No Mouseking Left Behind!

“He’s right! We’ll

crush
them!” said

Crusher.

“We’ll **smash** them!” said Sma

“We’ll

sprain
their tails!” said

Sprainer.

Only Trap seemed unsure. “Okay

will we **find** the dragons?”

“Don’t worry,” I said. “I know wh

I had already come up with

a

mousetastic

idea!

What
an

idea!

81

ON THE D TRA

I explained my plan, but my com

LOOKED at me, confused.
“Are you sure it will work?”
Trap asked.

My paws were shaking nervous

replied, but I tried to sound confi
course! If we climb up one of the
will be able to see all of **Gullet**
Valley.

From there it will be easy to spot

ENORMOUSE dragons,

see where they're taking Max.”

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer were
convinced.

“The BARK is too slippery!” said
82

On the Dragons' Trail

“The TREES are too tall!” said Sm

“We’ll need a **really long** ladder,”
said Sprainer.

I thought about it. “We will be the tallest dragons in the world!”

I replied. “Each one of us can stand on the shoulders of the other. It’s like a human pyramid!”

Together we can do this!”

Trap slapped me on the back with a big pat.

“Good idea, Cousin!”

“I’ll be on the **BOTTOM!**”

said Crusher.

Let’s
climb!

On the Dragons' Trail

“And you can go on the **top**, G
Trap said.

Only then did I understand the T

I had gotten myself into. My paw
shake like a bowl of cheese cur

“B-but . . . but I’m **afraid** of he
stammered. “Can’t one of you do

“You’re not making sense, Cousin
replied. “You couldn’t possibly h
of us with those shrimpy muscles
You’ve got to climb to the top!”

I sighed. It was my plan, after all

I couldn't back out. Besides, with the second that passed, Max Muscled

DANGER of becoming
dragon dinner!

Smasher climbed on Crusher's shoulders.

Then Sprainer climbed on top of Smasher.

Trap climbed on top of Sprainer. Then

it was my turn.

It's high up
here!
Hurry!
~~Your~~ turn!
~~Do I~~
have to?
No
kicking!

I see them!

I slowly began to climb. I have never been good at climbing tall trees.

I'm not good at climbing short ones.

One by one, I climbed up my companions.

“Ouch! You stepped on my ear,” cried Crusher.

“Ouch! Watch the whiskers!” cried

Smasher.

On the Dragons' Trail

“Ouch! No kicking!” cried Spr

Finally, I stepped onto Trap's head

climbed to the top of the tree.

Holey cheese, what a view

A Sweet Plan

From the top of the tree I could see
of **Gullet Valley**, from the **g**
Elderberry Honey Woods all the
barren land of the dragons.

“Can you see the dragons, Geronimo?”
Trap yelled up to me.

I scanned the scene. Mostly, all I
were the thick forest **trees**. There was
something: two balls of **FIRE**, faint
puffs of smoke. I yelled down to
“I see the dragons! They’re in the
north of here!”

“Good job, Cousin! Come back d

Trap yelled.

This excited the other three mic

88

who started to
pound the trunk
of the tree with their
paws.

“We will **crush** them!”

“We will **smash**
them!”

“We will **sprain**
their tails!”

The tree began to **shake!**

I lost my grip and
slid down the trunk.

THUD! I landed
on my tail. Trap

helped me up.

I'm

sliiiiipping!

“Now how are we supposed to
Max Musclepaw?” he asked.

“Yes, how?” echoed Crusher, Smoother,
and Sprainer.

“I’m not sure yet,” I replied. “Let
closer look at the situation.”
I was deep in thought as we walked
the clearing, and almost bumped
beehive.

“Watch it, Cousin!” Trap warned.
“You don’t want to anger the br
bears again.”

Crusty codfish, that was all we ne

Unless . . .

An idea hit me. Another MOUSETRAP
idea!

“Listen up, everyone,” I told the class.
90

Plop!

“We can use the brown bears to chase away the dragons. We just have to make them believe that the dragons want to eat their **honey!**”

I pushed on a tree trunk, trying to get a beehive to **fall**. But since I’m a **shrimpy** smarty-mouseking with **puny** muscles, I couldn’t move the tree even half a tail.

Luckily,
Crusher, Smasher, and
Sprainer helped out.

Plop!

Plop!

I'm too
weak!

A Sweet Plan

A dozen beehives fell to the ground
sweet **smell** of honey spread through
the woods.

A loud roar came from the bushes
the big brown bears rushed out!

A Sweet Plan

fierce claws and jaws filled with
sharp teeth! We grabbed the
and ran away as **FAST** as we could

The Charge of the

Brown Bears

When we reached the clearing, Rocky and Magmar were washing Max in the rocky shore.

“How many times do we have to wash this mousseking?” Magmar complained to Rocky. “I’m hungry!”

Rocky lifted up the soggy mouse.

“Ssscrub under his pawsss a bit more,” said Magmar. “You’ll sssee how tasty he’ll be!”

“Weasom’nt he?” Magmar argued. “I’ll add a sssprinkle of hot pepper!”

“No, he would not,” Rocky replied

94

Put me down,
you ugly lizards!

SCRUB

SCRUB

fresh mouseking today is better

COOKED one tomorrow!”

My whiskers **shivered** in fright

heard those words. But I had a M

to complete! I couldn't turn back

Then the dragons spotted us. “LO

Magmar! The micekings have ret

Ricky cried.

“Sssweet!” hissed Magmar. “Now

have desssert!”

95

The Charge of the Brown Bears

I gathered my courage. “Micekin prepare to attack. Now!” I yelled in a trembling voice.

At that signal we all tossed our beehives at the two dragons. The hives burst open, covering the dragons in sticky honey.

“I will gobble you all in one second!” Magmar roared, **lunging** toward us. At that moment, the brown bears charged from the clearing. They were **big, hairy, and SOOO SPEEEEEEDY!**

Taken by **surprise**, Magmar

Rocky dropped Max. The mousek
scurried off just as the bears jum
two dragons.

Lick!

Slurp!

96

Gobble!

The Charge of the Brown Bears

The bears began to eat the honey
stuck to the dragons.

“OUCH! These bearsss bite!” Roc
yelled.

“Get them off me!” wailed Magma.

Trap taunted them. “Now you’ll be

mousenap any of us, you lous

tizards!” he yelled. The dragons co

chase him. They had too much h

stuck to their wings — and too m

climbing on them!

The bears pushed the dragons ba

step . . . **two** steps . . . **thre**

splaaash!

Rocky and Magmar fell into the river.

Everyone knows that dragons can fly.

97

Mission accomplished!
I'm free!

They bite!
Ouch!

The Charge of the Brown Bears

clean water. It washes off their **stench** (which is terrible to even think about). It also makes their scales and fur so soft that they can't get colds!

“Not freshwater!” Rocky wailed. They yelled and blew SMOKE out of their dripping nostrils. But the water was

Uh-oh!
n falling!

The Charge of the Brown Bears
off the honey.

We watched them, satisfied, as they
away.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Max Musclepaw RAN up to me.

“Looks like I made you into a **tr**
macho mouseking, didn’t
friend?” he asked.

I nodded and held out my paw. “

He shook it firmly. “I thought you
supposed to be a smarty-mouseki

The Charge of the Brown Bears

I am the one who should be than

You saved me!”

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer l

above their heads.

Hooray!

Long live

Geronimo!

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The Charge of the Brown Bears

“Hooray for Geronimo

Then they tossed me in the air and

“Hup, hup, hooray!”

Max looked like he might even C

To hide his feelings, he THUND

“Back to the drekar! True mac
micekings never stop!”

My First Miceking Helmet!

The return trip went smoothly, and we arrived in Mouseborg at sunset. The whole village was waiting for us.

Sven ran to meet us. “So, smart mouseking,” he shouted, “did you manage to pull a dragon’s tooth?”

Great groaning glaciers, we had almost forgotten!

We were so worried about saving the village that we had forgotten about our **final**

“Well, you s-s-see —” I stammered
to answer.

Max interrupted me.

“Valiant Sven, we did not finish t

My First Miceking Helmet!

Max said. “Two dragons captured

Everyone gasped.

“Max Musclepaw was captured?”
one mouseking.

“The hero who earned 1,753 helmets
asked another.

“How did he get free?” someone

Max motioned for everyone to be

“I’m free thanks to Geronimo. He
all!” he announced.

Sven patted me on the
back. I “m proud

of you!”
’s about
time!

My First Miceking Helmet!

My nephew **Benjamin** pushed
the crowd. He threw his arms around
neck.

“I knew you could do it, Uncle
cried.

~~Thea and Trap~~ **Thora** hugged me, too.
then, the charming **Thora** appeared.

“You were so brave, Geronimo!”

Shivering squids! Thora had

You are a
hero!

Ummm . . .

I . . .

Well done,

Gousin!
Hooray!

Yippee!

Hee, hee!

My First Miceking Helmet!

called me **BRAVE!** I blushed from
of my tail to the tops of my ears.

“Umm, actually, I didn’t really do
s-s-special,” I stammered nervously.
Thora shook her head. “You behaved
a **real hero**, Geronimo, even
miceking helmet!”

“That’s right!” Max interrupted. “
that should be **rewarded** with
helmet!”

Sven nodded. “Micekings of Mouse
REJOICE! Geronimo will receive

his first — and possibly last — in
helmet!”

Everyone let out a celebratory cheer.

LONG LIVE GERONIMO!”

HOORAY FOR THE SMARTY-MARTY!
WE’RE ALL WITH YOU!”

My First Miceking Helmet!

“We will **celebrate** with a la
banquet!” Sven shouted. “And m

Mousehilde, will prepare
for **the** village!”

Mousehilde nodded. “I will make a
pot of gloog! And when it’s done
make some more! And then some

more . . . until you all tell me to
stop!”

“Hooray! We love
gloog!” yelled the villagers.

Mousehilde headed
toward her kitchen to make the

gloog (an excellent **stew**, in case you're wondering). The other mice began to get ready for the feast. They put on their fanciest cloaks and **curled** their whiskers.

I couldn't move. I stood in the village square like a fly **stuck** in a bowl of jam.

Three cheers for Geronimo!
Hip, hip, hooray!

My First Miceking Helmet!

soup. I was in shock. I was going
first miceking helmet!

“Geronimo, what are you st
doing here?” Thea asked me.
to the feast looking like this,” s

“You need to **wash** your fur
your best cloak!”

You need to go!
Where?

She had a point. After that incred
adventure with the dragons,

I **stunk** worse than
Stenchberg cheese.

So I dragged
myself home.

I took a nice
hot bath

in the tub.

Then I dried
myself off and
dragged myself

My First Miceking Helmet!

to the closet between yawns. I was

I was so tired — worn out — exh

I had barely managed to put on s

clothes when I collapsed on my b

passed out!

111

A True Mouseking Never Stops!

I was snoring deeply when I heard
voice.

~~“Was it time to sleep?”~~
“Waiiike time to Geronimo,”

I jumped out of bed. “Huh? W

is it?” I yelled. “The dragons?”

Thea had her paws on her hips. “
Who? What?

How?

Geronimo? There’s

a celebration

in your honor
and you're here
snoring?"

"B-b-but
I was just
taking

A True Mouseking Never Stops!
a little rest,” I tried to explain.
Thea dragged me to the feast. Sven
SHOUTING as soon as he saw
“What happened to you, smart
mouseking?” he asked.
“I’m s-s-sorry,” I apologized. “I w
very tired.”

“You were **tired**, eh?” Sven a
“While all of us were **busy** pre
feast in your honor? Is this how y
us?”

Max Musclepaw stood up. “Ten l
around the Eternal Challenge Fie
hero thundered. “Then one hun

one-paw push-ups and one thousand
whisker lifts!”

“But . . . what about my mice
helmet?” I asked.

A True Mouseking Never Stops!
shouted. “That will teach you to
before your adventure is over. A
macho mouseking never
stops!”

I wanted to cry, but Thora approached
me. “Don’t worry, Geronimo. You have
another chance to earn your helmet.”

Oh, lovely Thora!

She was right. No matter how many
times I had to try, I would earn my mickey.
I would do it!

BUT THAT’S ANOTHER

MICEKING STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY!

114

What a feast!
Good gloog!
Cheese for
everyone!
What a
might!

Miceking Island

Beastgard
Gullet Valley
Feargard
Forest of a
Thousand
Scales
Oofadale
Yawning
Cove
Helpful Hills
Mouseborg

Don't miss any
adventures of
the Micekins!

U
Ne

Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!

Don't miss
any of my

advent
the King
Fant

Dear mouse
thanks for
and good-
the nex

